

ANew Balled, called, TRAP, Or, The Young Lafs.

To the Tune of, *Traps Delight* : Or, *I know what I know.*



I (A Young Lass,) have been courted by many,
Of all sorts and trades, as ever was any:
A spruce Haberdasher did first speak me fair,
But I would have nothing to do with small ware;
My thing is my own, and I'll keep it so still,
Yet other young Lasses may do what they will.

A factor (that lately come out of the Straights,
And brag'd of his Riches, and of his Sea-freights)
Had a mind to a swop, or Bargain with me,
But I would not barter my Commodity:
My thing is my own, &c.

A notable Captain (I ne'r saw the like)
Would fain have bin charging me with his half pike

But I put him by, from doing the feat,
And then my brave Captain did make a retreat.
My thing is my own, &c.

A Sweet-scented Courtier did give me a Kiss,
And promis'd me Mountains if I would be his,
But I'll not believe him, for it is too true,
Some Courtiers do promise, much more than
My thing is my own, &c. (they do:

A fine man of Law, did come out of the Strand,
To plead his own cause with a fee in his hand;
He made a brave motion, but that would not do
For I did dismiss him, and Non-suit him too:
My thing is my own, &c.

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NExt came a young fellow, (a Notable Spark) A fine dapper Taylo? (with's yard in his hand)
 With green bag & ink-bozn (a Justices Clark) Did proffer his service to be at at command;
 He pul'd out his Warrant to make all appear, He talk'd of a Nit I had above my knee,
 But I sent him away with a flea in his ear: But I'le have no Taylo? stitch that up for me:
 My thing is my own, and I'le keep it so still, My thing is my own, &c.

A Master of Musick came with an intent,
 To give me a Lesson on my Instrument;
 I thank't him for nething, and bid him be gone,
 For my little Fiddle should not be plaid on:
 My thing is my own, &c.

Then came a French Dodo? in with a good grace,
 And would have been feeling my Pulse i'th wrong
 He talkt of a Blister, and then away stole, (place;
 But he would have given it me at the wrong hole:
 My thing is my own, &c.

An Usurer came, with abundance of Cash,
 But I had no mind to come under his lash;
 He profferd me Jewels, and great store of Gold,
 But I would not mortgage my little free-hold:
 My thing is my own, &c.

An Old Fornicator? full sixty and seav'n,
 That had not a hair left betwixt him & heav'n;
 Would fain have been fumbling one night in the dark
 But he had the same sauce as the Justices Clark:
 My thing is my own, &c.

Then came a trim Barber (a Notable Blade)
 Who knew well enough what belong'd to his trade;
 He would have been kissing, and clipping of me,
 But I had no mind to such Shavers as he:
 My thing is my own, &c.

A blunt Lieutenant surprized my Blacket,
 And fiercely began to rifle, and sack it,
 I mustred my spirits up, and became bold,
 And forc'd my Lieutenant to quit his strong hold;
 My thing is my own, &c.

A crafty young Bumpkin, that was very rich,
 And us'd with his Bargains to go thorough rich;
 Did tender a sum, but it would not avail,
 That I would admit him my Tenant in Tail:
 My thing is my own, &c.

A Gentleman that did talk much of his grounds,
 His horses, his setting-dogs, and his grey-hounds,
 Put in for a course, and he us'd all his art,
 But he mist of his sport, for Puls would not start:
 My thing is my own, &c.

A young Academick new come from the Schooles,
 (Who thinks other people all asses and soles)
 Began to chop Logick, and gave me a Bus,
 But I put him quickly unto a Non plus:
 My thing is my own, &c.

A fine man of Art would have taught me to dance,
 (Who had been in Flanders, as well as in France)
 A Jigg A-la-mode, that I never learn't yet,
 But I had no mind to dance after his wit:
 My thing is my own, &c.

A pretty young Squire, new come to the Town,
 To empty his Pockets, and so to go down;
 Did proffer a kindness, but I would have none,
 The same that he us'd to do to his Maid Jone:
 My thing is my own, &c.

A brisk younger brother next entred the list;
 He came all in Querpo, and modestly kiss,
 He sweetly did sing, and neatly did trip it,
 But could not prebail to turn up my Tippet:
 My thing is my own, &c.

Now here I could reckon a hundred and more,
 Besides all the Gamesters rosted before;
 That made their addresses in hopes of a snap,
 But as young as I was, I understood T R A P:
 My thing is my own, and I'le keep it so still,
 Until I be marry'd, say men what they will.

F I N I S.

With Allowance

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